

SNOWSTORM RAID BY THREE ZEPPELINS OVER EIGHT COUNTIES

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER

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One Halfpenny.

FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE FIGHT FOR VERDUN, ONE OF THE
WORLD'S GREATEST BATTLES.



Gun of a battery which was completely destroyed. The battlefield has been described as a "terrible spectacle," a battered-down mass of burning and charred posts.



Destroyed guns, rifles and trench mortars. Note the shell craters.

The Germans, according to one account, have tried "every devilish expedient" to reach Verdun, but without avail. They have launched attacks regardless of cost, and their losses in killed, wounded and prisoners are given at the big total of 100,000. Yesterday's communiqué was very brief, but it shows that the enemy has not made any progress. In France the people remain absolutely calm and confident. Above are the first photographs taken on the battlefield to reach England.



A convoy for the machine guns, which have done such deadly work.

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LORD DERBY'S ADVICE TO TRIBUNALS.

"Military Representative to
Take a Firm Attitude."

FIVE TIMES REJECTED.

Whether or not a fireman should be called to the colours was one of the many problems placed before the War Tribunals yesterday.

The firemen referred to were employed in the workshops of the London Fire Brigade. Postponements were allowed.

Lord Derby has issued a booklet to members of the War Tribunals. Giving hints and advice as to the duties of the tribunals, he urges the necessity of expedition in hearing and settling appeals, pointing out that every day a decision is deferred means a day loss to the Army of one man.

During the next three months Lord Derby points out there will be great pressure upon all parts of the tribunal organisation.

This may, perhaps, be taken as a hint that at the end of three months all groups will be up and the work of the tribunals practically finished.

"MEN FOR THE ARMY."

It is stated in the booklet that the experience of the past two months has shown that in certain cases the military representative has allowed his sympathy for individual hard cases or the special business needs of the locality to outweigh his responsibility in obtaining men for the Army.

"As under the new regulations personal and business interests are given ample protection, a military representative should recognise that, so far as military interests are concerned, he is the pivot of the machine, and if he allows his decision to be influenced by any other consideration than that of the national interest, he cannot be held to be fulfilling the duty for which he is appointed."

"The fact that it is essential that the military representative shall take a firm attitude throughout need not mean that he will necessarily raise friction and resentment in the committees with whom he has to co-operate."

MOTHER TOO OLD TO WORK.

Her Only Support.—"Mr. Asquith said that the only son was not to be taken," Mr. E. H. Ibbott informed the Westminster Tribunal when applying for exemption on the ground that he was the sole support of his mother, an invalid, who was too old to work. He was the only son not serving, his brother being in training.

Rev. F. H. Hillesdon: You are not the only son.

Applicant: I am the only son not serving with the forces.

The tribunal allowed a month's postponement, telling applicant to get his mother into a room.

Banker's Application.—Mr. A. C. H. Drummond, director of Drummond's Bank, was allowed three months' postponement on the ground that there was a partner in the bank now to carry on the business, all the other eligible members of the staff being in the Army.

Needed Complete Rest.—Mr. W. Horsfield, proprietor and director of theatrical companies, applied for exemption on the grounds that he was suffering from heart trouble and nerves, and needed complete rest. He explained that the control of all the companies rested on him.

Rev. F. H. Hillesdon: Are you taking rest now?

Applicant: Yes, periodically.

Six months' postponement was allowed.

Suffered from Epilepsy.—The tribunal disallowed the application of C. E. Summers, although he stated that he had been five times rejected and suffered from epilepsy. He had an epileptic fit at the Queen's Westminsters headquarters.

CALLED BACK.

The Chairman: Now you have attested and the doctor has passed you?

Applicant: Yes; I went to Scotland Yard, where the doctor rejected me, and I was coming away with my rejection paper when I was called back, re-examined and passed.

The Chairman: Although knowing you were subject to these fits—Yes; the paper was marked "epileptic fits."

The Chairman: What were you passed for, general service—Yes, I think so. I applied for general service.

Mr. Davies said that possibly the man would be useful as a clerk.

Mr. H. Finch said that he did not see what they wanted the man for, but as they did he would not doubt have to go.

Mr. Davies: You may be sure that he won't be harshly treated.

"When I Get a Cold."—Before the Cowes (Isle of Wight) Tribunal the following dialogue occurred during the hearing of an application for exemption—

Applicant: When I get a cold I am as deaf as a book. If I got in the Army I should never hear a word of command.

Chairman: Did you tell the doctor this?

Applicant: No; he never gave me time to explain.

Chairman: Your application will be granted. If the Germans come any closer you will then have to go and do your bit.

To Plough the Land.—At a sitting of the Lanark Military Tribunal at Glasgow a number of ploughmen were granted temporary exemption until they get the land on their farms ploughed.

4-DECKER SKIRTS.

Elaborately Built Up Dresses That
Test Woman's Endurance.

EIGHTEEN YARDS ROUND.

The beauty doctors, if no one else, must be benefiting by the capricious extremes to which fashion is running.

While the Government is urging the need for economy, the arbiters of woman's dress decree skirts as wide as eighteen yards round the hem.

The plate-glass of Bond-street reflects faces so wrinkled with perplexity that a course of beauty treatment alone can eradicate the lines.

The new models are as beautiful as stiff metal brocade, but lace, silken flowers and tassels of gold can make them. But the cost is in proportion to the beauty.

One of the big dressmakers off Bond-street gave a demonstration recently to show how the crinolene-cum-pannier-cum-bustle skirt should be worn.

First came wires round and wires down, then a series of floats of buckram over the hips. Next a petticoat of stiff starched muslin; lastly, stitched over that was a silken ruffled skirt.

This, with the tightest drawn of corsets, formed the foundation for an eighteen-yard-round skirt.

The wearers are mostly working nine hours per day standing at the munition bench or behind the canteen stove!

Truly, as a woman said yesterday, the endurance of woman is a thing to marvel at.

COLONEL CHURCHILL.

Expected Vigorous Defence of the
Air Service During His Regime.

(By Our Parliamentary Correspondent.)

Some pungent comments are expected from Colonel Winston Churchill to-night when he speaks on the Naval Estimates.

The ex-Minister is understood to have been deeply stung by critics' references to his famous "swarm of hornets" speech, and it will occasion no surprise if in his defence of the air service during his regime at the Admiralty he slashes out with characteristic vigour.

Following the example of ex-Ministers, Mr. Churchill will speak from the Front Opposition Bench.

This will be his first appearance on that side of the Table. His last speech, it will be remembered, was delivered from the corner of the bench immediately behind Ministers.

Mr. Churchill's speech will follow Mr. Balfour's statement on the Estimates.

An announcement with regard to the Government's scheme for relieving married men serving with the colours from their financial obligations is also expected this afternoon.

The text of Sir A. Mond's proposed Bill was published yesterday, and among other things it sets forth that where there is contract of tenancy the provisions of this Act should not apply—

(a) Where the tenancy agreement is one for a term of less than a year.

(b) Where the rent payable does not exceed £30 in the case of a house situate in the administrative county of London, or £20 in the case of a house situate elsewhere.

(c) Where application is made for relief in respect of a life insurance policy unless the amount insured by such policy exceeds £50.

The Budget may be looked for early next month.

ONLY £25 MORE WANTED.

Through the Crown Agents for the Colonies *The Daily Mirror* has received from the Government of the Gold Coast the sum of £10, being a contribution by the Omani and people of Eastern Akim to our Nurse Cavell Memorial Fund.

This and other donations received during the past few days bring the total of the fund to £3,75, so that only another £25 is needed to make up the full £10,000 which *The Daily Mirror* undertook to raise.

Readers who are selling the autographed satin portraits of Nurse Cavell are now asked to complete their disposal of them as they stand in the sums realised within the next six days.

REFUSED £700 A YEAR.

The Bristol justices are still without a joint clerk. The position is worth £700 a year.

Following the justices' selection of Mr. Walter Crosby, of Chertsey, the Bristol City Council passed a resolution that it was unnecessary to fill the vacancy during wartime. They appealed to the Home Secretary to endorse their action.

The Home Secretary, however, confirmed Mr. Crosby's election, but now that gentlemen have intimated that he will not accept the appointment.

BRITISH BIRTH SUFFICIENT.

The Army Council notified yesterday that British-born or naturalised subjects of allied or neutral parentage may now apply for enlistment and will be treated in every respect as British subjects.

The decision has been given as the result of the reference of a case in Sunderland, where a man of foreign parentage enlisted but after serving in the forces several months was discharged.

MUST TAKE WOMEN.

How to Keep Up Our Food Supplies
When Men Have Left the Land.

"FARMERS SLOW TO MOVE."

The Duke of Marlborough, at a meeting of the Women's National Land Service Corps yesterday, at Grosvenor House, said the farmers must employ women.

The rates of wages must be adequate, he said. He was a large farmer himself, and many of his men would have to go. Those left could be supplemented—he did not say supplanted—by women old men and boys.

Mr. Walter Long said the farmers had been somewhat slow to move. He did not think they had realised that it was not for them to criticise when women were ready to help them.

"We don't think women can do the work," it was for them to be gratified that women were ready to come forward to help them.

Women were wanted at once for farms and market gardens. If the men were taken before the women were ready to take their places there would be a consequent diminution in the produce of the land.

The Treasury, it was announced, have approved a grant of £500 to the women's corps to assist in training in agriculture and additional grants are to be given of £100 for every £1,000 the organisation is able to raise, the total not to exceed £1,000.

"A BIT OF FLUFF."

Mr. James Welch Claims Damages
for Not Appearing in Piece.

Mr. James Welch, the comedian, filled a new rôle yesterday when he appeared as plaintiff in an action heard before Mr. Justice Scrutton against Messrs. A. L. Ellis and J. H. Jay, the producers of the play, "A Little Bit of Fluff."

Mr. Welch claimed damages for alleged breach of contract in not employing him in the play. The defence was that he failed to attend rehearsals.

Mr. Colman, K.C., for the plaintiff, said Mr. Welch had made himself famous by creating humorous parts, especially in the play "When Knights Were Bold," in which he had appeared 2,800 times.

Messrs. Ellis and Jay engaged him for "A Little Bit of Fluff" for the run of the piece at a salary of £50 a week, with percentages on receipts.

While attending an early rehearsal he caught a chill owing to the coldness and draughtiness



Mr. G. Desmond.



Mr. James Welch.

of the theatre. He was pronounced by his doctor to be suffering from catarrh of the larynx, and ordered not to use his voice.

Mr. George Desmond in the meantime was his understudy and took the part with great success.

Mr. James Welch, giving evidence, said since the contract was entered he had had several weeks' engagement at the Coliseum at £200 a week.

The hearing was adjourned.

MR. GODFREY ISAACS FINED.

Mr. Godfrey Isaacs, brother of the Lord Chief Justice, was fined 20s. at Marylebone yesterday for having failed to shade a bright light showing from the first floor window of his residence at 7, Hanover-terrace, Regent's Park.

A constable said he saw the light from the Outer Circle, Regent's Park. Twenty-eight electric lights were found burning in the room. There were blinds to the windows, but they were not drawn.

When told he would be summoned, Mr. Isaacs said, "I quite agree with you, constable; the window ought to be screened. It will only mean a nominal fine."

Mr. Godfrey Isaacs's secretary explained that the incident occurred on the first day that Mr. Isaacs had come downstairs after being ill. An Army officer was interviewing him at the time, and the manservant who usually attended to the blinds did not like to intrude.

SOLDIER'S LEAP INTO CANAL.

Whilst on sentry duty at Mifre Bridge, Wormwood Scrubs, Private John Stevens, 18th Central Division, London, was taken by another soldier mount the parapet of the canal bridge and dive into the water.

He blew his whistle and the guard turned out. A lifeline was thrown to the man and he was pulled into safety. Taken to the guardroom, he gave his name as Albert Waring, a private in the 8th Queen's, and he explained that he had had a nervous breakdown and suffered from fits of melancholy.

Waring was remanded yesterday at West London on a charge of attempting to commit suicide. His mother said he was the fourth son to join the Army.

FORTY DAYS' FAST OF LENT.

Will More People Observe the
Season This Year?

SOME PENANCES.

The forty days' fast of Lent begins to-morrow. There has been a tendency of recent years to ignore this season. With the war, however, has come a revival of seriousness, and it is possible that many people will observe Lent this year for the first time in their lives.

Roman Catholics will probably be dispensed from their usual Lenten obligations. Last year the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster dispensed the faithful of his diocese from the laws of fasting and abstinence, in view of the circumstances of the moment and of the rise in the price of fish and other foodstuffs.

Ash Wednesday and Good Friday will, of course, be observed as days of strict abstinence. Fish is always in great demand during Lent, and the fishmongers are looking forward with confidence to a good season.

In the Roman Catholic Church marriages are forbidden during the whole of Lent, and even in the Anglican Church there is a considerable falling-off in the number of weddings celebrated.

The Daily Mirror has gleaned a number of self-imposed Lenten penances for 1916:—

Solicitor in the City: No cigars.

Girl Typist: Will abstain from theatre-going.

Journalist: One pipe per day. Will rise an hour earlier each morning.

Suburban House Agent: No alcoholic liquor, except at meal times.

But though Londoners may deny themselves various luxuries and pleasures, they apparently do not intend to restrict their meat diet.

At Smithfield Market yesterday it was suggested to *The Daily Mirror* that Lenten fasting has become one of the obsolete customs of this country.

JUST THE SAME.

Meat supplies are just the same as at any other time of the year.

In fact, the figures showing the total amount of meat supplied during the past few weeks for the consumption of Londoners indicates that there is actually an increase in the supplies at the approach of Lent.

These are the figures for the weeks ending—
Feb. 5 7,004 tons. Feb. 23 6,994 tons.
Feb. 12 7,441 tons. Mar. 4 7,665 tons.
Feb. 19 8,566 tons.

The fast comes to an end on Easter Sunday, which falls this year on April 23. This happens, by a curious coincidence, to be St. George's Day, and the tercentenary of the death of Shakespeare.

CAN ANYONE CLAIM THIS BIBLE?

Private F. J. Bone, 148, Markfield-road, South Tottenham, is anxious to return to its proper owners a Bible which he picked up on the battlefield at Hooge.

On the flyleaf is the inscription, "Sarah Ann Porter: a gift from her affectionate mother, June 22, 1864," and at the back is the message: "Dear Ted,—May God speed and preserve you and bring you a safe return: is the deepest wishes of your loving and praying mother, your loving brother, Harry. October 21, 1914."

The Bible, which is embossed and brass bound, also contained a lock of hair, and a visiting card, subsequently mislaid, which had out at Batterssea.

Private F. J. Bone would be glad to hear from anyone who could help him to trace the owner.

GERMAN BALLOON CAPTURED.

PARIS, March 6.—Messages from Dunkirk state that a German captive balloon, which had probably become detached from its base as the result of French anti-air activity, passed over Dunkirk yesterday at a low altitude and was brought down by French gunners, who seized the ropes hanging from it and hauled it to ground.

Two men who occupied the carried to escape on landing, but both were captured.—Central News.

JUDGE'S PROTEST.

The Lord Chief Justice yesterday strongly criticised a solicitor in an appeal against a conviction.

Counsel desired to call further evidence, but admitted that he was not sure of what that evidence would consist.

This is appalling," said the Lord Chief Justice. "It makes me almost despair sometimes that people have to put their business in the hands of some lawyers. The solicitor has had time, and yet can tell the Court nothing."

Counsel explained that the only managing clerk of the solicitor was left to manage the whole of his employer's affairs, the other members of the staff having joined the colours.

The case was adjourned for a week.

HUN SHELL STORE AT SHANGHAI.

SHANGHAI, March 4 (delayed).—An important discovery has been made by the police in the French Concession here.

At the bottom of a well on the premises of a German named Nielsen eight cases of shells of a kind useful for arming merchantmen were found.

Nielsen recently became prominent in connection with the seizure of a large consignment of small arms destined for India.—Reuter.

SNOWFALL THAT DID NOT STOP 3 ZEPPELINS VISITING 8 COUNTIES

**12 Killed and 33 Injured
by the Baby-Killers.**

40 BOMBS DROPPED.

**German Claim to Have Attacked
Hull and Humber Docks.**

"ALL RETURNED SAFELY."

CAME WITH THE SNOW.

Three Zeppelins came to England during a snowstorm on Sunday night. They visited eight counties, and the casualties amount to twelve killed and thirty-three injured.

Stories of the raid will be found below.

This is the fifth raid this year and the thirty-second since the beginning of the war.

FRESH FOE OFFENSIVE.

There is another pause in the battle for Verdun. Massed attacks by the Germans have been stopped by the resistance of the French. But no one expects that the enemy's formidable efforts are at an end yet.

Last night's Paris bulletin, however, announces fresh offensive tactics by the foe. In Champagne, by means of liquid fire and artillery, the Germans succeeded in reaching an advanced French trench.

To the west of the Meuse, after a violent struggle, the enemy captured the village of Forges, which is situated on the advanced French line.

NORTH-EAST COAST.

**THREE SISTERS VICTIMS OF
THE AIR MURDERERS.**

**Escape of Twenty People Who Fled to
Doctor's House.**

The approach of Zeppelins from the north-east, says a Central News correspondent, was heralded from ships, and immediately afterwards the sky was lighted by incendiary bombs, while in a minute or two terrific reports from high-explosive bombs followed, and houses were shaken to their foundations.

Snow had been falling fast, and people crowded into the snowclad streets. One bomb fell with a tremendous detonation in some grounds, and several houses were demolished.

Another bomb destroyed houses in the vicinity and made a large hole in the ground. Near the spot a man died from shock.

The Zeppelins disappeared over the sea.

KILLED IN RESTAURANT.

In a later message from the north-east coast the Central News correspondent says the number of dead known at 11 a.m. yesterday was twelve and the seriously injured thirty.

In a residential quarter a father had gone to bed and his three daughters were sitting up. On hearing a terrific crash two of the daughters rushed upstairs to their father, but were killed on the staircase by bombs.

The third sister, who remained downstairs, was also killed. The father escaped with some cuts and a brother was uninjured.

In one area there were four sudden deaths. A fireman awoke, complained he could not get his breath, and expired. A cooper on arriving at his work fell forward on his face and on being picked up was found to be dead.

A retired engine-driver was walking along the street when he suddenly dropped down dead. The fourth case was that of a man who while walking in the street with his wife suddenly exclaimed "O!" and fell dead on the ground.

The property damaged includes a public-house and a number of shops. Twenty persons who fled into a doctor's house for safety had a remarkable escape.

A bomb fell just outside, but although part of the house was badly damaged the people inside were not injured.

ABOVE THE SNOW CLOUDS?

Some theorists have argued that Zeppelins would be extremely unlikely to come in a snowstorm, and the editor of the *Aeroplane* in an interview yesterday said:—

"These experts have overlooked the fact that snowclouds are usually low—probably from 4,000 to 5,000 feet—and that it would be a simple matter for raiding Zeppelins to fly well above them. Doubtless that is what happened last night. The clouds were low and small, so that there was no danger of the Zeppelins becoming overloaded."

ROUNDABOUT FLIGHT OF THE RAIDERS.

WAR OFFICE, March 6, 1.45 p.m.

The Secretary of the War Office makes the following announcement:—The number of Zeppelins which took part in last night's raid is now believed to have been three.

After crossing the coast the airships took various courses, and from the devious nature of their flight were apparently uncertain as to their bearings.

The area visited included Yorkshire, Lincolnshire, Rutland, Huntingdon, Cambridgeshire, Norfolk, Essex and Kent.

So far as is known, forty bombs were dropped altogether.

The casualties so far ascertained amount to:—

Killed—3 men, 4 women, 5 children; injured 33.

The material damage was two terraces of houses partly destroyed, one office, one public-house, a café and several shops partly destroyed, and a block of almshouses badly damaged.

GERMAN VERSION.

AMSTERDAM, March 6.—The Naval General Staff, says a Berlin official telegram, announces:—

Some of our naval airships last night heavily bombarded the naval base of Hull, on the Humber, and the dock buildings there. Good results were observed.

Our airships were vigorously but unsuccessfully fired at and returned safely.—Reuter.

VAIN ATTEMPTS TO SAVE 90-YEAR-OLD MAN.

**Zeppelin That Remained Stationary for
a Few Minutes.**

So far as has been ascertained, says the Exchange correspondent in the area where the principal damage was done, men, women and children were killed. Several others were treated for minor injuries, and several have been detained in hospital.

A block of workmen's dwellings was demolished, and a woman and her four children, the eldest of whom was only eight, were killed; the husband was taken to hospital.

In another locality a doctor's house was destroyed, but, fortunately, the family succeeded in making good their escape.

A pensioner, ninety years of age, was burned to death in bed in spite of gallant, but unavailing, efforts to effect a rescue.

The Zeppelin was clearly seen, and at one time was observed to remain stationary for several minutes.

According to a Press Association message, the Zeppelin remained over one town for about an hour.

KENT.

A Kentish correspondent of the Central News says a Zeppelin appeared over the town early in the morning.

The airship was flying at a low altitude, and the noise of her engines could be heard distinctly.

The raider dropped no bombs and disappeared in the direction of the coast.

LINCOLNSHIRE.

A message from Lincolnshire to the Central News yesterday says two Zeppelins passed over. The engines of both airships could be distinctly heard for some time although nothing could be seen.

The first report of bombs was heard when an airship was coming from inland direction and passed seaward.

Fifteen minutes later another airship was heard approaching, and bombs were dropped much nearer, buildings being shaken.

This Zeppelin also passed seaward. There is at the time of writing no news of damage having been done in this district.

Twenty-three incendiary bombs were dropped near one village and exploded, with two exceptions, in small grass fields. No damage was done.



French sentry keeping an eye on the enemy lines in the region of Verdun.

LIQUID FIRE ATTACK IN CHAMPAGNE.

**Germans Reach Advanced Trench
of Our Ally.**

FRENCH VILLAGE TAKEN.

(FRENCH OFFICIAL.)

PARIS, March 6.—This evening's official communiqué says:—

In Champagne the Germans launched an attack accompanied by jets of liquid fire upon our positions between Mont Tetu and Maisons de Champagne.

On our right the enemy, stopped by our curtain fire, was not able to leave his trenches. On the left, in the vicinity of Maisons de Champagne, he succeeded in penetrating into a small advanced work.

In the Argonne we exploded in the region of Courtes Chausées a mine which destroyed a German post and caused an enormous crater, of which we are organising the southern lip.

Between the Haute Chevauchée and Hill 235, after having exploded two mines, the enemy, following up the explosion, gained a footing at some points in our first line.

FOE WORKS DAMAGED.

A fight ensued in the course of which we ejected the enemy from our trench and we captured one side of the crater.

Our artillery has been very active in all parts of this sector.

West of the Meuse, after a violent bombardment, which lasted all the morning on the front between Bethincourt and the Meuse, the Germans launched a strong attack against Forges, situated on our advanced line.

During a very violent encounter they succeeded in carrying the village.

Several attempts to debouch upon the Cote de l'Oie were stopped short by our counter-attacks, which drove back the enemy in Forges.

To the east of the Meuse there was intermittent artillery fighting.

In the Woëvre there was a heavy bombardment in the region of Fresnes, which was not followed by an infantry attack.

To the west of Pont à Mousson our artillery inflicted heavy damage on the German works in the Bois du Jury.—Reuter.

CHECK AT VERDUN.

(FRENCH OFFICIAL.)

PARIS, March 6.—This afternoon's communiqué says:—

In the Argonne we bombarded various points in the Bois de Cheppy and the Avocourt-Malancon road.

In the region north of Verdun no infantry action is reported during the night.

There was a violent artillery struggle on the left bank of the Meuse, and intermittent bombardment in the sector west of Donnemout, while in the Woëvre our artillery actively bombarded the enemy's crossing points.

On the rest of the front the night was calm.—Reuter.

(GERMAN OFFICIAL.)

German Main Headquarters reported yesterday afternoon as follows:—

There were lively mining duels to the north-east of Verdun.

The English infantry, which delivered minor attacks on several occasions in this neighbourhood, was repulsed by our fire.

On the eastern bank of the Meuse the day passed more quietly in general than the previous days.

Nevertheless, we captured yesterday and the day before during minor engagements fourteen officers and 334 men.

Eastern and Balkan Theatres of War.—There were no incidents of any importance.—Wireless Press.

PARIS, March 6.—A young French Lieutenant who arrived at Verdun, and at the surprise Red Cross train stated that the French commanders at Verdun were doing everything possible to spare their men.

His own regiment, which took part in the chief actions as a supporting unit, has up to the present lost only forty-seven killed and 250 wounded.—Central News.

OFFICIAL WARNINGS IN SOME COUNTIES

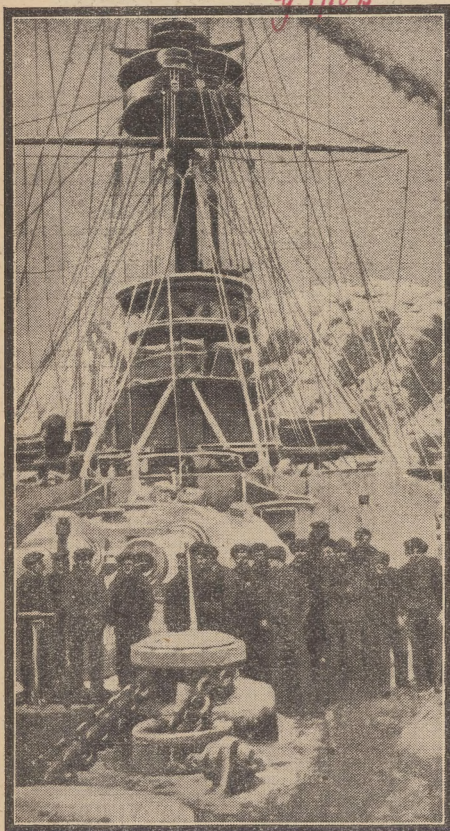
The Zeppelins, says an Exchange correspondent, must have had a very narrow escape from being caught in a snowstorm, because at the north of one of the counties raided there was a fall of snow during the night, while the Zeppelins were in the same county.

The inhabitants were very much surprised to see by the morning papers that the county had been raided, and the surprise was the more profound when it was realised that there had been a fall of snow during the night.

In some of the counties the official warning was given of the possibility of a Zeppelin raid, and all the usual precautions were taken.

The arrangements worked smoothly. There was absolutely no sign of alarm shown by the inhabitants.

A GERMAN PHOTOGRAPH.



A British battleship covered with snow. The photograph is reproduced from a Berlin newspaper.

ALBANIAN LEADER IN ROME.



Essad Pasha, the Albanian leader, arrives in Rome. He is seen wearing a fez.

GIANT AND DWARF.



Two witnesses in a case arriving at the Law Courts yesterday.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

WAR PIGEONS.



Captain A. H. Osman, the officer in charge of the War Office Pigeon Service.

MISSING MAN.



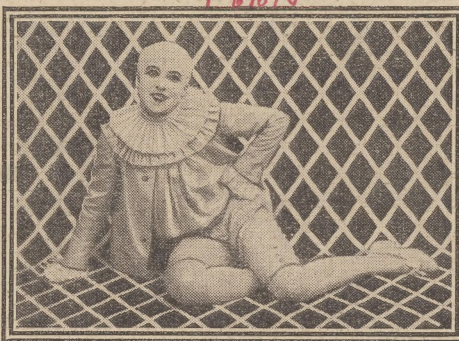
Private R. Wilson (Royal West Kents). His friends seek news of him.

PATRIOTIC SOUTH AFRICANS.



Four brothers—H., P., E. and W. Laughton—who joined the Army. They are South Africans. E. Laughton was killed in action in Flanders.

IN "L'ENFANT PRODIGE."



Mlle. Andree Mielly as Pierrot Fils, the leading part in "L'Enfant Prodiges" at the Kingsway Theatre.—(Elliott and Fry.)

TEACHER AND BARBER.



Miss Snellie, a Streatham school teacher, who visits hospitals to shave the wounded soldiers.

A WHITE ARMLET.



Women who are looking after the motherless children of fighting men wear a white armlet.

For your Baby

The following are the chief reasons why Savory & Moore's Food is likely to suit your baby better than anything else.

Infants like it, and take it readily.

Its use may be begun gradually, while the child is still being nursed by the mother.

It provides the essential elements of nutrition in a form that even the most delicate infant can easily digest.

It makes healthy bone and good teeth, which are so necessary for proper physical development.

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It is an inexpensive food, and is used by parents in every station of life from the highest to the lowest.

SAMPLE FREE.

Messrs. Savory & Moore are making a Special Offer of a FREE TRIAL TIN of their Food, which will be sent on receipt of stamps for postage only. This tin is not a mere sample, but contains quite sufficient food for a thorough trial. If you will fill in the coupon below and send it with 2d. in stamps for postage, the special trial tin will be forwarded by return with full directions.

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To Savory & Moore Ltd Chemists to the King New Bond St. London. Please send me the Free Trial Tin of your food. I enclose 2d. for postage.

Name _____

Address _____

D. Mr. 7336.



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Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, MARCH 7, 1916.

WITH NOTHING ON . . .

WHEN does a group man, or a conscript, or a mere volunteer begin to lose that sense of personal liberty and grasp over the Great British right of "doing what one likes," no matter what other people are doing?

Very definitely, such loss of independence—our "birthright" and "real heritage," as the Simonites would say—comes when a man is told to undress for medical examination.

The very word of command—the first—of "Everything off quick" is a signal that such a man must now begin to do what he's told and therefore to cease thinking for himself, which few of us ever did, by the way, even before we became numbers in groups.

We must judge symbolically this renunciation of clothes, this Franciscan simplicity of "nothing on," this act which echoes the "Here I untrammel" of the poet. It is the step marking initiation, not only into a new way of life, but into a new and emphatically a subordinate mode of feeling also. It induces the rank-and-file sensation. It levels down. It makes us all one. Mere primitive men, like Adam in Eden—clothesless!

But, apart from this almost mysterious initiatory Eleusinian side of it, we have to note and praise the admirable military prevision here.

This divestiture, this nudity, must be meant, undoubtedly, to instil a feeling of inferiority before the commanding military mind. You must have discipline. For that, you must make most men feel themselves nothing. How to bring the sense of being nobody into perhaps middle-aged and hitherto argumentative or conceited minds? Why, get them to undress their bodies.

A corresponding mental abdication will occur. It must. You are no longer at your best. You haven't clothes on, and, in a modern black-coated world, clothes are half the battle. Is it conceivable that a man can argue with a doctor when the doctor wears a tail coat—and, see, his top hat is on the table—while the man himself has nothing on whatever? He must submit. With one touch of the stethoscope the doctor could send him flying.

One cannot argue. Even if one happens to have a cork leg, it is useless to argue. One feels a sense indeed of greater shame on that account. One submits all the more readily to discipline.

Wonderful Eleusinian effect of being examined by a stranger with a top hat, oneself being with nothing! All we wonder is how, after this initial depression of the recruit, do they restore to him that sense of dignity which is after all needed if he's to win his V.C., or do any of the lesser acts of valour that verifiably do come from Adam, nude Adam, once he's been re-vested in his khaki for a war in the Twentieth Century.

W. M.

HOPE AND FEAR.

A light that is more than the sunlight, an air that is brighter than morning's breath, Clothes England about as the strong sea claps her, and answers the word that it saith: The word that assures her of life if she change not, and choose not the ways of death.

Change darkness and lightens around her, alternate in hope and in fear to be: Hope knows not if fear speak truth, nor fear whether hope be not blind as she: But the sun is in heaven that being her immortal, and girdled with life by the sea.

—A. C. SWINBURNE.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Do not wander too far into time at all, lest with the everlasting Now—the centre of all life and experience, and your own true lover—you fail to keep your first appointment.—E. Carpenter.

BEFORE BEING CALLED UP TO SERVE.

SCENES IN THE MARRIED MAN'S HOUSEHOLD THIS WEEK.

By A. CAMPBELL.

IT was the appearance of the blue poster calling up the first married group that did it. Afterwards the deluge.

We had moratorium to breakfast and Prime Minister's pledges to luncheon. Tea was devoted to moratorium, rent and rates. Cousin James came in with a lugubrious countenance to invite our counsel. More moratorium, which I find some difficulty in spelling. The it's and the u's seem to get inextricably mingled. Then Cynthia on the phone. Would I, as a dutiful godfather, look after their rising hope if I got exemption? Certainly. Jack would be round to see me after church, and we could discuss the moratorium. Delighted!

At the second cup of tea George arrived. Could we give a good home to his favourite piano? He understood, he said, that his wife

"Hansard isn't a 'he' at all. Or, at least, if 'he' is he's a book. Hansard's the book where all the dull speeches in Parliament that newspapers don't report are given. Well, Jenkins called just now with a copy he'd borrowed from a newspaper man. And it's all right. I've copied it. I mean the extract."

"Please hurry, Cynthia," pleaded Belinda as Cynthia became engrossed in a piece of crumpled paper. Truly, we were dying from anxiety.

COMFORT OR DECENCY?

"Here it is—I've got the page and everything. Page 958. Prime Minister—Exemptions—enumerations. Yes; this is it. The Prime Minister says a man will be exempt if he has persons dependent upon him who, if he were called for active military service, would not be able to maintain themselves in comfort or in decency at home. Those are the exact words. There's more about exemption for the mentally infirm. So you needn't worry about moratoriums and those dreadful things. Splendid, isn't it?" turning to me, eagerly.

"Yes, my Cynthia, very splendid, but use—"

A DAY OF "DON'TS" FOR BOBBIE.



They often come—days when one isn't allowed to do anything at all—days when everything's naughty. (By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

was to go munition making, where fabulous sums were earned in the making of shells. Charwomen who had been promoted to war work, he remarked with a moody sarcasm, were now displaying their diamonds at the opera. And every blacksmith on war work had now his Brinsmead. Still, his piano would need attention while he was engaged in making war harmonies. Our consent was freely given. Exit James and George after a brief conversation about Verdun and conscientious objection.

Cynthia once more on the telephone. Would be round in a few minutes with some splendid news. We needn't worry any more. The minutes dragged. The group of questions relating to rent, rates, insurances and moratorium became of academic interest. Was there not a reprieve on the way? At last Cynthia, breathless and excited.

"The news, Cynthia, quick!" entreated Belinda—my dutiful spouse.

"Splendid!" triumphed Cynthia. "You married men with liabilities needn't break up your homes. I have just seen Hansard—"

"Hansard! Who's he?" interrupted Belinda.

REAL EXPERIENCES.

CARE NEEDED IN CHOOSING THE RIGHT SORT OF RECRUIT.

"SALVATION ARMY?"

ON December 8 I offered myself for enlistment at the local recruiting office under Lord Derby's scheme.

The medical examination was brief. As soon as I appeared before the doctor he asked how long I had been wearing such strong glasses, at the same time noticing my knee.

"What's the matter with that joint?" he asked.

I informed him I had suffered with rheumatism since childhood.

After examining my knee—bending it till I complained—he told me I was "absolutely no good to the Army," and without examining me any further told me to "put my things on and go home," instructing the clerk to make out a medical certificate, which the doctor signed. Instructions were issued in the (Form B 2512). Instructions were issued in the

Press on December 26 to the rejected "Derby men" that they would receive an armband after January 15, also stating that "men possessing Form B 2505A or B 2512A would not be medically examined again."

Having business near the recruiting office and a few minutes to spare on January 17, I applied for my armband.

The sergeant at the door asked me for my medical certificate.

Taking it from me, he remarked: "This is of no value now; you must have a later one," passing me on to the chief officer.

The officer (a lieutenant) told me I would have to be examined again. He showed him the Army Order cutting. He replied, "That is so; but we receive new orders every day."

The lieutenant would not listen to reason.

My sight is so bad that I cannot read a letter on the sight test card. When I informed him of the fact he asked me, sarcastically, if I belonged to the Salvation Army.

When I offered to show him my hospital prescription he became more quiet. This time he examined me more, also remarking on my knee. After the examination he said: "I wish you luck, my boy; you will soon be in khaki. I expect they will make you a good soldier."

FIVE FEET ONE AND A HALF

IN MY GARDEN.

MARCH 6.—As soon as the weather is favourable and the soil is in a dry condition sweet peas may be sown. The ground should have been deeply dug some time ago, for the sweet pea sends down its roots to a great depth. Before sowing hoe in a little soil.

It is best to open a flat drill (about 4in. wide and 2in. deep) and place the seeds 3in. apart. Although sweet peas are usually grown in rows, they look pretty in clumps of one variety about the flower garden. Plants growing in frames must be gradually hardened off this month.

E. F. T.

was debated. At every turn and stride Rent and "Contractual Obligations" (touching euphemism) dominated the conversation.

It was thus that Moratorium Sunday was passed in every household in the land. It was the national obsession. It dwarfed Verdun conversationally for the week-end. When the first blue poster appeared the great Moratorium Spate began. It overflowed its banks.

Nobody asked about texts on Moratorium Sunday. All kept to the new topic. It broke into the Sunday concert. The stars winked knowingly about it. The cabhorse on the stand persistently ruminated upon it. When the fiddles played snatches of ragtime it was like a forlorn man struggling with the spelling of moratorium.

Moratorium Sunday! Who will ever forget it! It will be remembered as a day when relations one had forgotten turned up to ask questions about it. When the electric bell was scarcely silent and there were portentous comings and goings and telephoning and writings. One hopes it is the last of its kind.

FARM CARTER, NEW STYLE



She is the carter on a farm run by women at Brookthorpe, Gloucestershire. She does not wear the smock, but has corduroy breeches and leggings.

A SON BORN.



Miss Gladys Mason (Mrs. Humphreys), who has just given birth to a son. She last played in "The Queen Mother" for the films.

IN A WEEK.



Captain Cecil Phillips, a Territorial, who won the Military Cross during his first week's experience of actual warfare.

A ROAD FOR REINFORCEMENTS.



Widening a communication trench in the region of Verdun to facilitate the passage of reinforcements. The trench before the poilus got to work with their shovels was deep in snow.

WORK FOR OBJECTORS?



War and peace in Hyde Park. Conscientious objectors, it is suggested, should do the tree-logging.

ON THE 'MIRROR.'



Private William Roakes (Royal Fusiliers), who has died at Dover. He was on the staff of *The Daily Mirror*.

TWO HATS IN ONE: A DETACHABLE BRIM.



A remarkable hat designed by Lewis for Mlle. Exiane. The first photograph shows it in the form of a picture hat with a brim for afternoon wear, and the second one without a brim, when it becomes suitable for a visit to the theatre.—(Wyndham).

GIRL



Miss St...



(By means of mag... while looping th...

LOOP.



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al." spelt out "Cal" des. She is only

BRAVED GAS.



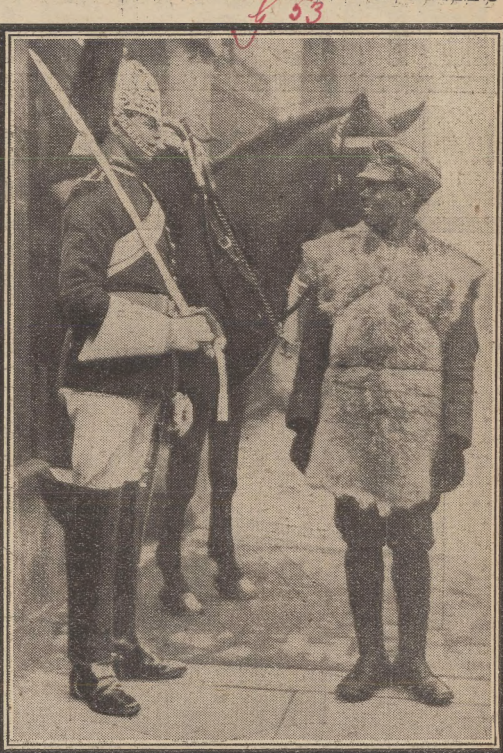
Private J. S. Kerr, awarded the D.C.M. He passed through a cloud of gas to a farm which was being shelled to render first aid.

GIVES HOME.



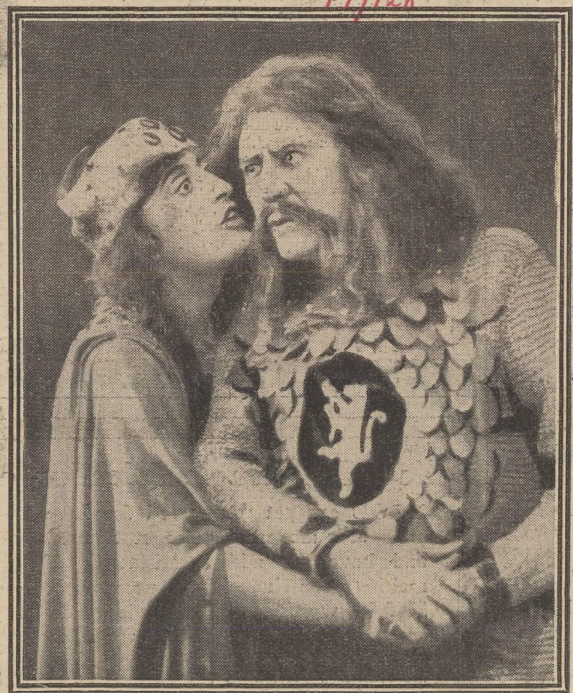
Mr. William Cain, who has given his beautiful Cheshire residence as a home for soldiers disabled in the war.—(Vandyk.)

CONTRAST IN UNIFORMS



A private who is home on leave from the front talking to a sentry at the Horse Guards yesterday morning. The private is a native of Jamaica.

SIR H. B. TREE ON THE FILMS.



Sir Herbert Tree and Miss Constance Collier in "Macbeth." The photograph was taken in California, where Sir Herbert is acting in Shakespearean plays for the cinematograph.

GUN EXPERT.



Major Thackwell, who was congratulated by the King on his splendid gun emplacements when his Majesty visited the front.

LIGHTS MUST BE SHADED



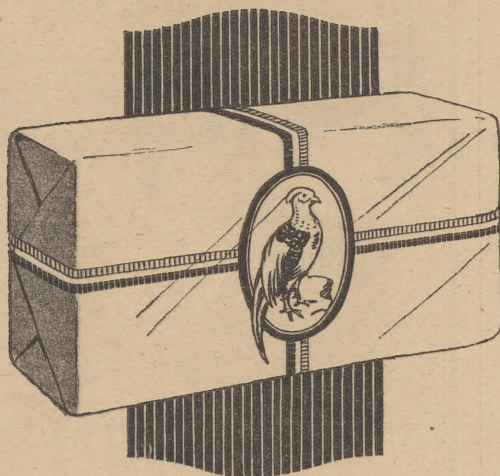
There is no need to go to the expense of dark curtains if the lights are shaded as here shown.

CAVALRY FROM TUNIS ON ARAB HORSES.



The famous Tunisian Spahis are now in the Vosges country in reserve ready for any eventuality where cavalry mounted on the finest Arab horses can prove of service.—(French War Office photograph.)

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Winifred Barnes, Gabrielle Ray, C. M. Lowe, Lauri de Frece, Donald Calhoun, and G. P. HUNTLEY.
DURRY LANE. PUSSE IN BOOTS. Evgs. at 7.30; Mats. Weds. Thurs., Sat., 1.30.
George Graves, Will Evans, Frances Smithson.
DUKE OF YORKS. Evgs. Weds. Thurs., Sats., at 8.45. TO-DAY and DAILY, 2.45.
Evgs. Weds. Thurs., Sats., at 8.45.
"JERRY," a New Farce. At 8.30. Dorothy Varick.
YVONNE ARNAUD, CHARLES WINDERMERE. **CAIETY.** Evgs. 8.0. Mats. Sats., 2.0. TO-NIGHT'S THE NIGHT. GEO. GROSSMITH and Caiety Co. GLOBE.—Daily, 2.30. Evgs. Weds. Fri., Sats., 8.15. Miss MOYA MANNING in PEG O' MY HEART.

HAYMARKET. At 8.15. **WHO IS HE?**
HENRY AINLEY. Mon., Weds., Thurs., Sats., 2.30.
GARRICK. At 8.30. **"TIGER'S CLUB."**
LESLIE GILL and MAJOR TITHERTON. Mats., Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 2.30; Evgs., Tues., Wed., Thurs., Sat., 8.30.
HIS MAJESTY'S. Evgs. at 8 (for a limited number of performances) **THE ARM OF THE LAW.** Preceded by one-act Comedy, **DOCTOR JOHNSON.** **ARTHUR BOURCIEL.** in Both Plays. Mats. Weds. Sats., at 2.15.
LYRIC. **DORIS KEANE in ROMANCE.** Evgs. at 8.15. Matinee, Wed. and Sat., at 2.30.
OWEN NARDE. **A. E. ANSON.**
NEW. TO-NIGHT, at 8.30. **CAROLINE.** by W. Somerset Maugham. Miss Irene Vanhugh and Mr. Dion Boucicault. Miss Lillah McCarthy and Mr. Leonard Byrne. Mats., Weds., Thurs., Sats., at 2.30.
PLAYHOUSE. At 8.40. **PLEASE HELP EMILY.** Chas. Hawley and Gladys Cooper. Mats. Weds. Sats., 2.40.
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STRAND.—Last 3 Performances of "PIETÉ." To-night and Wed., at 8. Wed. Mat., at 2.30. Last 6 Performances of "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE." To-day, Thurs. and Sat., Mats. at 2.30. Thurs., Fri. and Sat., at 8. VAUDEVILLE. H. Gratton's Revue, "SAMPLES!" Evgs. at 8.20. Mats. Weds. Thurs., Sats., 2.30.

Other Amusements on page 11.



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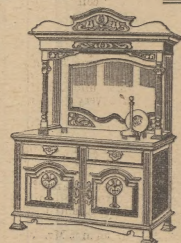
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READ THE OPENING CHAPTERS OF THIS SPLENDID SERIAL TO-DAY

ROSALIE

By MARK ALLERTON



Rosalie.

CHAPTER I.

ROSALIE GRIEVE is riding home in an omnibus. As is usual, being a pretty girl, she comes in for a good deal of critical inspection.

There is one young man in particular who watches her with a kind of bland interest that is disconcerting. Rosalie flutters herself, that she can arrest the gaze of any young man by a slight upraising of her eyebrows. But this time it is not successful. He only smiles.

He is about twenty-eight and good-looking. His interest becomes so embarrassing that Rosalie deliberately leans forward. "I beg your pardon," she says with a certain ominous directness, "but do I know you?"

The young man laughs. He tells her that he knows she is Mrs. Grieve, the vicar's wife at Northbury Park. And then Rosalie remembers—he is Alan Wynne, whom she had once met when she was staying in artistic circles in Paris. They talk over old times, and Wynne tells her that he, too, lives in Northbury Park. Rosalie is frankly glad to hear it, as since her marriage she has lost sight of a lot of her old friends. She arranges to dine with him and some artists in Soho.

When Rosalie reaches home she tells her husband of the meeting. The Rev. Hugh Grieve, who has made a great success of his church, is clever and popular and a fine figure of a man, and is certain for high promotion. But his ignorance of the secular world is abysmal, and amuses Rosalie, who loves him genuinely and wholeheartedly.

When he tells his wife mention the name of Alan Wynne he feels a sudden antipathy. And then he remembers it is Alan Wynne who has been setting Northbury Park by the ears by his unconventionalities and by the strange artistic people who attend to his studio.

The Rev. Hugh Grieve does not say anything until Rosalie tells him that she is dining with her artist friends. He is silent for a moment. He has not noticed the irritation caused by his wife's enthusiasm at meeting Wynne. Moreover, on the same night two of his wardens are visiting him, and he wants Rosalie at the head of the table. He is very annoyed but gives way, and Rosalie wins the day.

Wynne sees Rosalie home after the merry evening in Soho. Her husband is waiting for her. His face is very grave and serious. He tells her that one of his wardens has been telling him more strange stories about Wynne. "He also owes a lot of money to tradespeople."

"That isn't peculiar, it is most ordinary," laughs Rosalie. "The people who live in the next house to him have had to complain." He has riotous parties which last all day long.

Rosalie makes a light reply, and Hugh Grieve's anger rises. His remarks become more biting. Rosalie is driven to defend Wynne.

"It is a shame that you should talk of him like this," she protests. "You know him only by hearsay. I like Alan Wynne, and I don't see why I shouldn't meet him whenever I like."

"You have developed a very sudden attachment to this fellow," says Hugh. "He does not attempt to conceal his sneer. He gets angrier—angrier at himself, angrier at Rosalie."

"Hugh, what's the matter with you?" cries Rosalie. "Simply this. I am not going to have you knowing Wynne. You have got to choose between your loyalty to him and your loyalty to me. You mustn't see him again. I am in earnest, Rosalie."

"But, Hugh—" Her husband stops her with a gesture. He takes a step forward. "Rosalie," he says shortly and in tense tones, "you have got to choose between us."

THE ACCUSING BOX.

FOR a moment the room seemed to swing round Rosalie. Then her head cleared.

"Hugh—" she began again.

She was going to tell him that she had seen Wynne again, that she had dined with him that very night. She was interrupted by the maid, who brought a parcel to her. It was a large box of chocolates. Frank Bettinson had made a presentation of chocolates all round. Wynne had insisted on nursing the box in the omnibus. She had forgotten to take them from him.

"Mr. Wynne's compliments and apologies," said the girl.

Rosalie took the parcel from the girl's hands. She felt that her husband's eyes, alight with suspicion, were upon her. Her anger gave place to embarrassment. She felt like a child caught in the act of wrong-doing.

In silence she undid the parcel nervously, and displayed a very handsome box of chocolates.

Her husband's voice broke the silence harshly.

"Who did Lucy say brought this parcel to you?" he demanded. "Mr. Wynne?"

"Yes."

"But I don't understand."

"You see"—Rosalie's voice shook—"he insisted on carrying it, and I let him take it away with him."

"Then you have met Mr. Wynne to-night?"

"Yes; he—he dined with us, you know."

"He dined with you! I most certainly did not know Rosalie. How did he come to be dining with you?"

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

"I asked him, of course—to meet the Bettinsons."

Impossible any longer for Rosalie to keep up the pretence of innocence. On the moment's delay, and she would have told Hugh that she had met Wynne that evening. Now he had found out for himself, and that gave some substance to his suspicions that Rosalie was keeping things back from him.

"And I was to know nothing about this precious party of yours," he burst out; "but for an accident, I should never have known about it. What sort of conduct do you call that, Rosalie? You have seen this man for years. You can know nothing about him. I tell you that he is a man who is not well spoken of. Yet at your first meeting in London you ask him to dine with you—not here, but at a restaurant!"

"What is so very deplorable about a restaurant, Hugh?" asked Rosalie, battling to recover her advantage.

"You know very well what I mean. The fact that you concealed all this from me proves that you knew yourself that you were doing wrong."

"Hugh!" she protested. Then she paused and added: "I don't know what you mean. I don't believe you know yourself what you mean. You are simply ridiculous."

"I am sorry you think me ridiculous," he said slowly. "I am still more sorry to think that you meant to deceive me about Wynne's dining with you. You led me to believe."

"Hugh! Rosalie sprang to her feet. "I will not allow you to say that!" she cried passionately.

"Wait! Did you tell me he was dining with you?"

"I don't know. I forget. Was that necessary? Do you insist on my telling you about everybody I meet?"

"I think I ought to know with whom you dine in public," replied Hugh gravely. He was recovering his temper. The conviction that from being merely piqued he had now right on his side helped him to be on better terms with himself. Consequently he was inclined to be indulgent with Rosalie, to help her to look at the situation reasonably.

"Why? On what grounds?" Rosalie's sudden questions startled him.

"On the grounds of mutual confidence and trust," he replied.

"Trust! If you trusted me as I trust you you would not care who my friends were. You would know that I chose my friends carefully."

"And did not care who people who were talked about?" Her smile was almost a sneer. Her sense of wrong-doing led her to snatch at any weapon within reach. All the time she hated herself. She would have given worlds to cry:

"Rosalie—I do trust you. But you are very young, very inexperienced..."

"If you are going to talk to me as though I were a child I have no more to say," and Rosalie sat down abruptly, averting her face.

"Rosalie—Rosalie, sweetheart—don't let us quarrel."

She did not move. His pleading was like a stab at her heart. Now she was fighting to keep the tears back, to prevent herself from flying into his arms.

"What I've said has been said so clumsily. I'm sorry, Rosalie. Let's make it up. Another time I'll put my case before you. You'll put yours to me. We'll see who is right."

"You will be advocate, jury and judge all rolled into one. You know you will," she panted.

"Rosalie—am I so very unjust?"

It was quite a fair question. He knew she loved him, was certain of her love. And love she remembered at that moment only his tenderness, his chivalry, his kindness. It was up to her to defend him against himself.

"Of course, you are not unjust," she panted, then dashed the tears from her eyes. "Another pause, and then Rosalie was talking very quickly, almost fiercely. "You're quite right. We mustn't quarrel. It hurts too much. But you must believe me. I didn't want to deceive you. I didn't want to deceive you. I didn't think there was any harm in meeting Alan Wynne. I don't believe there is any harm in meeting him. Still—"

"No, dear, it's only because people—" "Let me finish," she panted. "My seeing him makes you unhappy. I realise that. Well, I shan't see him. Not unless I can't help it. I shan't write to him—"

"Come, then. That isn't in the least necessary."

"I shall write to him. I shall write," "My dear Alan. I shall show you the letter—" "Alan!" he cried jokingly.

"Mr. Wynne, then," Rosalie was in no mood for jesting. "I shall say, 'Dear Mr. Wynne, people here are talking about you. I don't know what they are saying, and I don't care much, but we can't be friends any longer. A vicar's wife...'"

The smile died from Hugh's lips. "You won't write that!" he exclaimed.

"Why not? Is that wrong, too?"

"My own dearest, it isn't wrong, but it is so—so—"

"Truthful?"

"No. Not truthful. Gauche, rather. Now, isn't that what's the use of—"

But Rosalie had started to her feet. She clasped her hands together passionately.

"Oh, what's the use of anything?" she cried shrilly. "That's the worst of it. I don't know, the Rev. Hugh Grieve stared blankly at the chair she had vacated. Something new and incomprehensible had come into his life, something so infinitely disturbing as to fill him

with dismay. He heard a door upstairs close with a crash. His lips moved.

The Recording Angel dipped his pen into the ink-pot. It was undoubted—the fact that the Rev. Hugh Grieve, vicar of St. Luke's, had permitted an oath to pass his lips. At least, in the Recording Angel's younger days it had been considered an oath. The anathema had not then become a common-place of the drawing-room and the stage. A note ought really to be taken of the lapse.

Then the Recording Angel smiled and laid aside his pen. He remembered that the Rev. Hugh Grieve had been married only four months, and that his knowledge of women was infinitesimal.

"I'll let him off this time," he murmured. "Only it mustn't occur again."

WHAT HUGH GRIEVE SAW.

ONE afternoon about a week later found Rosalie Grieve keeping a rousing fire company in her cosy drawing-room. A deep couch was drawn up close to the hearth. She shared this couch with a box of chocolates—Alan Wynne's box—and beside her lay a book. But she was not reading. There was a legend on the book to be read.

"The garden is gay in the month of May, But the fire is the flower of the winter's day."

March was rivaling winter. It had come in like an outrageous lion and was threatening to persevere in the impersonation. Outside the wind howled. It was really a very dreadful day, thought Rosalie, adding that it was a shame that Hugh had to go out in it.

The wind had swept the select avenues and drives of Northbury Park clear of people. When Rosalie had last looked out the only living creature she had seen was a miserable message boy on a bicycle, battling against the storm.

Half of Northbury Park was somewhere in the city, where it was crowded and noisy, and the other half was in its drawing-rooms wondering if it were tea time.

Hugh had been called from his study to visit his parishioner. Before leaving the vicarage he had pressed himself beside Rosalie in a big ulster and wearing a cloth cap.

"Are you going out like that?" she had asked. "Rather! A topper is impossible to-day. I abortive take a wideawake. Besides, what's the odds?"

For quite a long time this question had given rise to many pleasant thoughts in Rosalie's head. "What's the odds?" Surely it was highly significant that Hugh, so pious and even about his habits of dress, should ask such a question! Surely it meant that he was coming round!

And then Rosalie blamed herself for being unkind to Hugh. He was not really obsessed by his respect for the conventions—unless those conventions were trivial. Else he would never have become a vicar. Scholarship, powers of oratory, family influence had all pointed to his taking to the Bar. He would have made a fortune as an advocate. Instead he chose the Church. Surely that showed independence of thought and action, argued Rosalie. She was not fair to Hugh, she added.

Seated by the fire, she argued this, so that she might find an excuse for the Alan Wynne affair. Its effect on their relationship had not yet departed. No further reference to the matter was to be made. No more silence so ominous. Their quarrel was over. It was true. Hugh was his old, gay loving self again. But it was undeniable, that if he had forgotten Wynne he would have spoken of him. The dispute that he allowed to drop is always in danger of being revived.

Rosalie had not written to Wynne, as she had threatened. Sheer disinclination to make a fuss she had not written. He resolved instead not to ask him to meet Hugh. And so the incident would end by natural causes.

Rosalie knew that she was sacrificing her principles. She realised her weakness in allowing Hugh to influence her in the matter of her friends. But not everybody is strong enough to be weak when expediency demands.

After all, what on earth did Alan Wynne matter to her? What was the happiness demanded that their friendship came to an end?

There was melancholy in the howling of the wind. There was infinite dreariness in the prospect of the deserted road. The silence of the night was a heavy weight on the drawing-room encouraged sleep. But Rosalie did not want to sleep. Instead, she felt in the mood for doing things. She wanted someone to talk to. Yet she fervently hoped that nobody would call.

The afternoon visits of Northbury Park were the sharpest thorns in her flesh.

And then the bell rang.

"Oh, bother!" cried Rosalie aloud. She had had a moment's interest in the maid and decided that she was not at home. As she hesitated she was too late. The door was opened. Someone was admitted. The maid came into the drawing-room.

"Mr. Wynne," she announced.

It was the most natural thing in the world that Wynne should call out of respect to Rosalie's hospitality of the other evening. Yet to Rosalie his appearance was dramatic, almost superlatively so. He wore a top hat, a monocle, considered, she was so horribly pleased.

"What a day!" he was greeting. "I knew you'd be in to-day. I was alone and bored to tears, and then a beautiful Providence befell me. I thought I ought at least to leave a card on you. Only I don't possess a card. Send me away if you'd rather be alone."

He spoke nonchalantly, and seated himself on the couch beside Rosalie without waiting for a reply.

"Is your husband in?" he asked.

"No. He had to go out to visit somebody."

"In this weather? Hard luck!"

"The hard luck is yours as well."

"Not at all. I came out because I wanted to. What a jolly evening we had at Fournier's!"

"Did you think so?"

"Yes. Didn't you? I'm awfully sorry I ran off with your chocolates. I see you haven't finished them yet."

"Help me to. Look here, Mr. Wynne"—Rosalie spoke with sudden directness—"I've got something dreadfully serious to say to you."

"Mr. Wynne, indeed!"

"Yes; you are a portrait painter now—a portrait painter who lives in Northbury Park."

"You don't look it. Perhaps that's because I've little experience of vicars' wives—the wives of vicars, I mean. No; that won't do. It sounds as if vicars were polygamists."

"Do be serious."

"Doesn't it, though?" he laughed. "What ought one to say? My grammar's simply awful. All I know is that the verb to be has the same case after it as it has before it."

"And it is an exception, Alan."

"Meaning?"

"I don't know anything else that has the same case after it as it has before it." She laughed a little, and then she said quickly:

"Is that merely clever, or is it profound?"

he asked.

"Neither. It's nonsense. Alan, do you know that the people here are talking about you?"

"Talking? Shouting, you should say."

"What do they say of you?"

"Who told you they were talking about me?"

"Never mind. I asked you first."

He was suddenly portentously grave.

"I don't know what they are saying—now," he replied. "Things grow, you know."

"How did it begin?"

"Let me think." He settled himself comfortably on the couch. "May I smoke? Thanks. It began the day after a Chelsea Arts Ball."

"Yes?"

"There was a party of us. I invited the lot back to breakfast. We were all in fancy dress. After breakfast—that was about mid-day—those good people wanted to go home to sleep. It was broad daylight. No cabs were to be had. So they walked to the tram. It was daylight. They were in fancy dress. I repeat. And all Northbury Park saw them."

"Well?"

"They thought it was a circus or an advertisement for something. Then they found out that it wasn't. I suppose they were disappointed."

"Is that all?"

"By no means. The people next door complained. 'We have had dancing and singing, you know. I believe there was nearly a case about it. They went to a solicitor to find if I was a public nuisance or not. My good landlady looked into her lease. She found that she was prohibited from keeping pigs, poultry, cattle, inflammable oils and spirits and sundry other things. There was nothing in the lease about wild artists. So she let me stay on.'

"Why do you live in Northbury Park?" demanded Rosalie.

"Because my landlady lives in Northbury Park. My landlady and I are like Ruth and Naomi. Whether she goes there will I go also. Why do you live in Northbury Park?" he challenged.

"Because Hugh must live here."

"Quite so. So must my landlady. Are you satisfied with my explanation?"

Rosalie said: "Quite," but only half-heartedly. She was thinking of Hugh.

"Give me your hand on that," he insisted. Laughingly they shook hands.

Hugh Grieve, buffeted by the storm, and conscious that he had been called from his work needlessly, let himself into the vicarage with a feeling of thankfulness. He was looking forward for an intimate hour with Rosalie.

He felt that Rosalie was having a poor time of it. He had to leave her often alone. She had few real friends who called at the vicarage. She must be lonely and bored. That afternoon they would go into things. A golf club, maybe. Or a small motor car. Something for her to do. He went straight into the drawing-room. On the threshold he stood stock still.

On the couch by the fire sat Rosalie and the man he recognised as Wynne. And Alan Wynne was holding Rosalie's hand...

There will be another fine instalment of this great story to-morrow.



Lord Montagu of Beaulieu.

A Peer on Aeronautics.

I hear there is likely to be a large muster of peers at the Air Service debate which will be initiated by Lord Montagu of Beaulieu in the Lords on Thursday. It will be his first speech in Parliament since his rescue after the torpedoing of the liner Persia, and as Lord Montagu is also an acknowledged authority on aeronautics, his speech promises to be unusually interesting.

Air Minister.

Lord Montagu, a fresh-complexioned man with a light, pleasant voice, is not only a good speaker of the business-like type, but also a man of extraordinary versatility in the world of sport, his recreations including shooting, swimming, fishing, globe-trotting, yachting, motoring, cycling and rowing. There are many men who think he would make an excellent Air Minister. It would certainly be difficult to find a more capable administrator.

Lord Fisher's Position.

From what I hear, there is a misapprehension about Lord Fisher. I'm told that there is no present intention of making him a member of the War Council, but that he is to attend in a sort of consultative capacity when his advice is wanted on any particular matter.

Hides His Thoughts.

I saw him the other day, looking full of vim and as grim as ever. He generally makes it a practice to turn up in the House of Commons to listen to a Navy debate. I wonder if he'll go along to-day. If he does his thoughts, could one but read them, would probably be as interesting as the speeches of Mr. Balfour and "Winston" put together. But "Jacky" has such control of his features that you never can tell what he's thinking about.

A Dramatic Scene.

It is going to be quite a big day in the House to-day, and there is a run on gallery tickets. Speculation is rife about "Winston's" speech, and in any case the debate will take place in an atmosphere of the dramatic. The ex-First Lord's last speech drew that famous hundred-word reply from Lord Fisher. I wonder if to-day's will have any similar sort of sequel.

Empire Politics.

Two or three politicians I have met during the last day or two attach a good deal of significance to the coming visit of Mr. Hughes, the Australian Premier. Not long ago Sir Robert Borden was over from Canada and attended a Cabinet meeting. Mr. Hughes will probably do the same, and the natural outcome of such visits would seem to be a considerable development in Empire politics.

No Frills.

Talking of the Colonies, I hear that Mr. Bonar Law has won golden Colonial opinions since he became Colonial Secretary. In America, too, they think an enormous lot of him, and his rather infrequent speeches are cabled out very fully. They like his business-like way of getting at things. As a man put it to me the other day, "He talks hard sense and hasn't any use for frills."

A Fighting Son.

Lieutenant-Commander Arthur Asquith, the Premier's fighting son, who was so badly wounded in the Dardanelles, has just returned to London, and is now practically well again. He joined the R.N.R. only a few days before it was decided to send the Naval Brigade to Antwerp, and he received his baptism of fire very early.

Dropping "F. E."

The Attorney-General, whom I referred to yesterday as "F. E."—his favourite appellation since his college days—now prefers, I am informed, to be called "Sir Frederick" Smith. His signature in these days is simp; Fredrick Smith.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

Not Seasonable.

I ran across Mr. Montague Holbein, whose many plucky attempts to swim the Channel were on everyone's lips a few years back. He was in the uniform of a "special," and looked very fit. "Quite given up your Channel-swimming intentions?" I asked jocularly. In the same strain the big fellow replied: "Wait till the war's over—too many mines about just now."

Lord Kitchener Like Stanley.

A phrenologist who has examined the heads of all kinds of celebrities tells me that Lord Kitchener is remarkably like that of the late Sir H. M. Stanley, the explorer. Lord Kitchener, he tells me, is able to "shut off" any train of thought instantly, and devote all his attention to the problem of the moment. A wonderful gift.

The Actress and the Alligators.

Pretty Blanche Tomlin, who has not half enough to do in the Empire revue, was telling me of an adventure she had when touring in Florida. It seems that the leading man carried two baby alligators about in a cigar box. And alligators are, of course, the dread of the nigger's life. One night in a train she was awakened by piercing screams and, turning on a light, saw a tall, burly nigger fly screaming before a six-inch alligator baby which was taking a promenade down the corridor of the train.

In a Cigar Box.

She laughed and went peacefully to sleep again. When she woke the alligator's brother was also sleeping peacefully on her



Miss Blanche Tomlin.

pillow. She says there wasn't a paper in the town they then reached that wasn't billed an hour later with: "Actress nearly eaten by alligator: Shocking experience." And it was kept in a cigar box! Some cigars.

Progressive Economy.

Lady Chancé says the economy campaign she is organising for the National Food Economy League is very successful. Women all over the country are attending the cookery demonstrations given by the league and putting into practice what is taught.

A Busy Princess.

Princess Louise Duchess of Argyll is consistent in her charities. She is interested in the society in aid of British and Allied musicians and artists, which finds work for concert artists who are suffering through the war. I have been to several of their concerts, and each time have found the Princess there.

In Trafalgar-Square.

I see that the hoarding round the plinth of the Nelson Column has at last been knocked down and carted away, which suggests the attainment of one stage of the war. It is evidence of the extent to which one grows accustomed to things that Trafalgar-square now looks quite strange without it.

The War Posters.

Have you noticed, by the way, the change that has come over our war posters? The pictorial appeals have almost completely vanished, their places taken by the various, but invariably prosaic, official proclamations. When these, too, become obsolete London—and particularly Whitehall—will begin to look quite tidy again. And the war will be over...

Miss Lily Elsie's New Song.

Much interest is centred in the appearance of Miss Lily Elsie at to-day's matinee at the Coliseum in aid of the Y.M.C.A. Auxiliary Committee's fund and the fact that Miss Elsie will sing a new song by Ivor Novello, accompanied by the composer. The song is understood to have an equally telling refrain to that of its now famous predecessor, "Keep the Home Fires Burning."

"Rosalie's" Rosy Future.

"Rosalie" looks like being one of the best stories you have ever had," writes a correspondent, and I entirely agree with him. So, apparently, do a lot of other people. There is a humanness about it and an absence of crude and unnecessary sensationalism which give it a special charm. "Rosalie" is a great story, and the interest never wavers, but increases.

Revolution in Methods.

At lunchtime yesterday I met one of the greatest Scottish patent agents, who told me how war is revolutionising industry. Almost every month some new process is being discovered, and by the time the war is over some industries will be literally turned upside down. He gave me one example in connection with a brass foundry.

Profits Doubled.

A firm had to install a new foundry in order to carry out Government contracts. After a very few months a new process was discovered that so reduces expenses that profits are doubled. When the war is over German traders will find British competitors in the field who will be well able to beat the foreigner in his own markets.

Use the Pictures.

I hear from a man who knows that Italy is about to launch a great loan campaign, appealing to the public by means of a clever film on which stars of the cinema world appear.



Mrs. Arthur Playfair.

At the Zoo.

On Sunday afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Playfair took their little boy for his first visit to the Zoo. They were rather afraid that the child might be frightened of the lions and the elephants. On the contrary, the boy made such an exuberant row that it is possible the animals were frightened of him. Anyhow, he raced through the elephant house shouting at the top of his voice and nearly knocking a lady over. Mr. Playfair turned to the lady and apologised. She was the Princess Victoria.

Business as Usual.

I had the honour yesterday to be shaved by a French barber who had won the Croix de Guerre. He is a sergeant of infantry, and is in England on a month's leave, his home being over here. Not many Englishmen would spend their precious time on leave in pursuit of their ordinary vocation.

A Mock Hall Caine.

The success of Mr. Hall Caine's war play reminds me of an amusing evening I spent at a Bohemian dining club not long before the war. Mr. Hall Caine had at the last moment wired that he was prevented from being the guest of honour. So post haste the committee sent one of their number round to Mr. Willie Clarkson, who made him up exactly like the author of "The Iron Hand," and until late in the evening, when the trick was exposed, those present were completely taken in.

THE RAMBLER.

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SUPPORT YOURSELF

By earning a good salary.
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THE TRAINING IS EASY AND INEXPENSIVE. SPECIAL EMERGENCY COURSE. THERE IS NO TIME NOW FOR HESITATION.

Send an ordinary postcard, mentioning "Daily Mirror," or fill in this coupon and post at once for full particulars of the (B.S.M.) Special Emergency Training for Patriotic Women.

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(Write your name and address clearly) POST TO-DAY

W.H.

Daily Mirror.

SHIP CAPTAIN'S LAST GOOD-BYE.

Answered by Cheers from Sinking Soldiers and Sailors.

A magnificent testimony to the behaviour of the soldiers and crew of the French transport *Provence*, which was torpedoed in the Mediterranean, is contained in a letter from M. Bokanowski, Deputy for the Seine, to President Poincaré.

M. Bokanowski was on board the *Provence* at the time of the disaster, and in his letter, says the Central News, gives some details of the affair.

He describes in particular the splendid conduct of those who lost their lives in their country's service on that occasion.

"On board the *Provence*," he says, "were one battalion and some additional units of the Third Colonial Regiment."

"Soldiers and sailors alike, in face of the common and imminent peril, gave evidence of extraordinary coolness."

"At the moment when, after an explosion, the ship sank by the stern her commander, Captain Vesco, who had remained at his post on the bridge, shouted: 'Good-bye, my lads!'"

"The reply came from the men in the form of ringing cheers and cries of 'Vive la France!'"

M. Bokanowski goes on to narrate how he and other survivors were picked up eighteen hours later by trawlers and patrol boats.

In addition to the *Provence's* commander, the first officer and the colonel of the Third Colonial Regiment, he mentions the commander of a British patrol boat for the devotion and promptitude displayed by him.

"NOT WORTH £250 PER WEEK."

"What songs do you sing and what are they about?" asked Mr. Justice Darling with great interest, when Mr. Mark Sheridan, the music-hall artist, gave evidence yesterday in the Law Courts. He was sued for commission by Mr. Harry Day, a music-hall agent.

"I have one called 'Years and Years Ago,' some about the seaside and one about Mr. Bottomley," said Mr. Sheridan.

He remarked that he had never been paid £250 a week in his life.

"Do you think you are worth as much as that?" asked counsel. "I don't," replied the comedian.

It was intimated that, subject to the question of liability, the parties had agreed on a sum of damages.

BRITISH BIRTH SUFFICIENT.

The Army Council notified yesterday that British-born or naturalised subjects of allied or neutral parentage may now apply for enlistment and will be treated in every respect as British subjects.

This decision has been given as the result of the reference of a case in Sunderland, where a man of foreign parentage enlisted but after serving in the forces several months was discharged.

YESTERDAY'S BOXING.

Corporal Jack Goldswain retired in the ninth round against Lance Corporal Harry Ashdown at the Rings yesterday afternoon. At night Billy Wells outpointed Tom Mack in a twenty rounds contest. In a ten rounds bout at the National Sporting Club Louis Ruddick beat Fred Jacks on points. At New Cross Johnny Summers drew with Kid Harris. At Hoxton Eddie Joe Goodwin retired in the fifteenth round against Harry Brooks.

LIVED 8 DAYS IN A WELL.

Missing Soldier Who Had To Be Rescued by Ladder and Ropes.

While Mr. R. C. Glazebrook, of the Compton Estate Office, and some friends were walking through a wood at Eastbourne one of the party looked over a fence into a well, and exclaimed, "There's a soldier!"

When Mr. Glazebrook looked over the man had disappeared into the tunnel running from the well.

After a short time, however, he reappeared, and, assistance being sent for, an ambulance party arrived, and by means of a ladder and ropes the man was brought to the surface.

He was not unconscious, and could walk, but appeared to be very ill.

He had about a week's growth of beard, and was covered in mud and chalk. He bore every appearance of having been in the well since February 28, when he was found to be missing, and must have kept himself alive by catching water as it trickled from the side of the well.

He is now lying seriously ill at Eastbourne, and so far has been unable to give any account of himself.

NEWS ITEMS.

Sugar Cards Now.

The Austrian Government are now, says the Exchange, issuing sugar cards to all persons.

Powder Explosion in Palestine.

A large powder factory at Samaria, in Palestine, says the Central News, has been destroyed by an explosion, and a large number of persons were killed.

Refused \$700 a Year.

Mr. Walter Crosby, of Chertsey, who was selected by the Justices to become the joint clerk of Bristol, has now refused the post, which is worth £700 a year.

No Metal Speculation.

The London Metal Market was reopened yesterday under the new conditions specified by the Ministry of Munitions for the purpose of stopping speculation in metals generally.

CAN ANYONE CLAIM THIS BIBLE?

Private F. J. Bone, 148, Markfield-road, South Tottenham, is anxious to return to its proper owners a Bible which he picked up on the battlefield at Hooge.

On the flyleaf is the inscription, "Sarah Ann Porter; a gift from her affectionate mother, June 2, 1864," and at the back is the message: "Dear Ted,—May God speed and preserve you and bring you a safe return—the deepest wishes of Edie and myself.—I am, your loving brother, Harry. October 21, 1914."

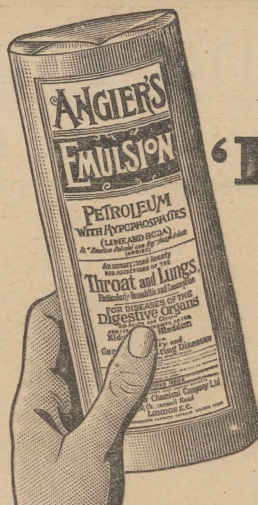
The Bible, which is embossed and brass bound, also contained a lock of hair, and a visiting card, subsequently mislaid, which had on it a Battersea address.

Private F. J. Bone would be glad to hear from anyone who could help him to trace the owner.

SENT CONFIDENTIAL NOTICE TO U.S.A.

Wilhelmina Swayne, an American, was fined £2 at Eastbourne for communicating information calculated to be of use to the enemy.

As a motor driver she received a circular marked "confidential," concerning arrangements to be made in regard to a case under investigation, and sent it to an uncle in America, but the Censor stopped it.



When You are 'Run Down'

Angier's Emulsion promotes appetite, soothes and strengthens the organs of digestion, overcomes nervous depression and builds up strength and vitality. It is invaluable for building up after illness, for nervous debility and for all "run down" conditions. It is, moreover, a very real help in preventing and correcting digestive troubles and restoring proper tone to all the digestive functions. Angier's Emulsion is pleasant to take and is absolutely harmless. It is endorsed by the medical profession. Of all Chemists, 1/3, 2/6 and 4/6.

Endorsed by the Medical Profession.

A Clergyman writes: "As a sure pick-me-up when run down, and as a preventive against taking cold, I have found nothing to equal Angier's Emulsion. It is so pleasant to the taste that the most fastidious need not be deterred."

FREE TRIAL BOTTLE. Send name and address, 4d. postage, and mention this paper. **ANGIER CHEMICAL CO., LTD.,** 86, Clerkenwell Rd., London, E.C.

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The World's Greatest External Remedy.

Coughs, Colds, Weak Lungs
Alcock's Plasters act as a preventive as well as a curative.
Prevent colds becoming deep seated

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Relieved by using Alcock's Plasters
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Alcock's is the original and genuine porous plaster. It is a standard remedy, sold by chemists in every part of the civilized world. Apply wherever there is Pain.

When you need a Pill
TAKE A **Brandreth's Pill**
For Constipation, Biliousness, Headache, Dizziness, Indigestion, &c.
SOLD BY CHEMISTS EVERYWHERE.
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MANSION POLISH

A woman's WORK IS NEVER DONE.

SO WELL AND SO QUICKLY AS WITH MANSION POLISH

Mansion Pol.

Save Money, Time & Labour in your home by enlisting the services of **MANSION POLLY**, the Busy Bee. With her assistance the household work will be accomplished quickly, thoroughly and with the utmost economy. Her

MANSION POLISH

the superior wax preparation, keeps Linoleum, Furniture, and Stained or Parquet Floors in perfect condition. Mansion Polish not only imparts a rich, lasting lustre, to which dust and dirt will not adhere, but it also preserves, renovates, and prevents finger-marking. Mention Mansion Polly to your dealer, and he will send her round immediately. This 1d., 3d., 6d., 1s., and 1/2. **AS USUAL.** Chicwick Polish Co., Ltd., Chicwick, W. Makers of Cherry Blossom Boot Polish.



LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

Continued from page 8.

ALHAMBRA—AUGUSTUS WORME and ROBERT LEONARD. GINETTE MYRTLE, MANNY and ROBERTS. LEATRICE LILLIE and the Alhambra Girls. THE QUINCY Imperial Russian Dancers in ALEXO. Doors, 8 Mats, Seats and Sats. 2.15. Doors, 2.

HIPPODROME, London—Twice daily, 2.30, 8.30 p.m. New Repert. "JOYLAND!" SHIRLEY KELLOOG, HARRY FATE, YETTA HANZA, BERTRAM WALLIS, CHARLES BERRYLEY, and Superb Heavy Chorus.

PALACE—"BRIC-A-BRAC" (at 8.35), with GENTLE WILLAR, ARTHUR PLAYFAIR, GWENDOLINE BROWN, NELSON KEYS, TEDDIE EDWARD, A. SIMON, GRAHAM, GINA PALERME. Varieties at 8. MAT. WED and SAT. 5.

PALLADIUM—2.30, 6.10, and 9.0. "THE PASSING SHOW" featuring ELIA RETFORD, FRED DUPREZ, CHRISTINE BOY. Varieties by WHIT CUNLIFE, ERNEST HASTINGS, 3 BOMBAYS, etc.

MASKELYNE'S MYSTERIES, St. George's Hall, At 3 and 8.45rd Consecutive Year in London. A delightful programme of starting novelties. 1s. to 5s. Children half price. Phone 1545 Mayfair.

SITUATIONS VACANT. ART.—How to make money if you can sketch; free book. A cash stamp.—A. Seymour, 114, New Oxford-st. W.C.2.

PHOTOPLAY Writing the most fascinating and profitable spare time employment; we pay from £2 2s. to £20 for each Press Co., Bathhouse-cl., W.

SHORTLAND Typist for war work.—Dudley, 451, Holloway-st.

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MARKETING BY POST. BACON in Sides or Half Sides, splendid meat; Sides of about 46 to 56 lb., unsmoked 10d., smoked 11d. per lb.; Boned-in Sides, about 12 lb., unsmoked 11d., smoked 1s. per lb.; Hams, 1 to 15 lbs., smoked 1s. per lb.; all carriage paid; full list on application.—The Longfield Bacon Factory, Trowbridge, Wilts.

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Cure without painful operations, lancing or cutting, in all cases of Ulcers, Abscesses, Whitlows, Boils, Fifts or Erysipelas, Piles, Fistula, Polyps, Coloured Wounds and all forms of Skin Disease. Its penetrative power makes it the best application for curing all Chest and Bronchial Troubles.

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Begin it on  
  Page 9.

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The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER

 A Great 
 Piece of Fiction.

A "BULLY" COOK.



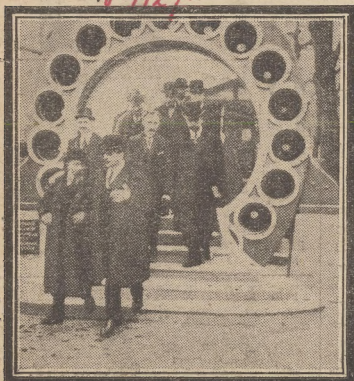
Private Aurelie Spaccatresi, a naturalised Italian, who, while in Gallipoli, invented twenty different dishes from bully beef. He has four sons serving in our Army.

HOME CASUALTY LIST.



In the poorer districts of France the names of those who have fallen in battle are chalked on the door.

HELPING TRADE IN FRANCE.



M. Clementel, the French Minister of Commerce, touring the trade exhibition which he opened at Lyons.

ACCIDENT ON A RAILWAY BRIDGE IN IRELAND.



Four persons were injured as the result of a railway accident on the canal bridge at Strabane. One of the coaches was overturned and a van wrecked. Traffic was delayed for some time until the single line could be cleared.

LIEUTENANT WEDS "CAPTAIN."



Lieutenant Cotterill, of Saskatchewan, Canada, and his bride (Miss Florence Marjorie Buckle), a captain in the Women's Volunteer Reserve.

KHAKI ARMLET FOR WOMEN.



The Women's National Land Service Corps is forming an O.T.C. of 5,000 well-educated girls, who are to be trained as officers. They wear a khaki armband.

ATHENS CHEERS SARRAIL.



General Sarrail leaving his hotel at Athens on the occasion of his recent visit to the King of Greece.